

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXIX. }

FEBRUARY, 1877.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. VI. No. 2.



MR. AND MRS. CHAFFINCH.

ALL our young readers will be glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Chaffinch, who have come all the way from Europe, where their family live. They have perched themselves on the bough of a tree, and built a nest, that we may see how they live at home. Mr. Chaffinch is a better singer than his wife, although she sings finely. He is also larger and handsomer than she, although she is better-looking than most folks. If she would put a little paint on her wings and tail, she would look as well as her husband. She has laid four eggs; perhaps she will lay one more before she sits. Soon there will be four or five young Chaffinches; then how pleased papa and mamma Chaffinch will be!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

WE wish to call the attention of old and young to the "Sunday-School Lessons," issued by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. The publication of "The Teacher's Guide" has been given up; and the Lessons, which heretofore have been published in four pages, are now issued in twelve, two-thirds as large as the former ones. Small but clear type is used, and the matter carefully condensed; so that the Lessons now contain nearly if not quite as much as was formerly contained in the Guide and Lessons combined. The chief advantage of this arrangement is that the

scholars now have at hand the means of answering all questions of fact asked in the Lessons. Heretofore it has been necessary, for the proper development of the subject, to ask many questions in the Lessons which could not be adequately answered except by consulting the Guide, or some other work less accessible to most of those in our Sunday schools. The result was that teachers had to answer many of the questions as well as ask them. Under the new form, scholars as well as teachers have before them about three pages of remarks, notes, illustrations, hints, and references on each Lesson; but so arranged that the scholar must have given them previous study if he is to acquit himself creditably in the class recitation or discussion.

The Lessons will be occupied for five or six months with the First Epistle to the Corinthians. We are confident that a majority of teachers and scholars will find this subject deeply interesting. While it will not lead classes in the beaten track usually followed by them, it will be the means of imparting much valuable instruction concerning Christianity in the first century, and its application to those living to-day. The Lessons will require study on the part of teacher and taught; but this ought to be in their favor. We advise all who have not seen them in their new form to send for a copy.

THAT was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl who, on beholding a rose-bush, on the topmost stem of which a rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once earnestly exclaimed to her brother: "See, William, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

THE OTHER GIRL'S DOLL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. — *The Other Girl.*

NORA RAFFERTY had been out on a little shed opening from the window of their room, and had been clearing away the snow with an old shovel. It was the top of an outhouse that came under the window, shut in by higher sheds, where she had sometimes kept a flower in a pot as long as the summer lasted, and once she had a rabbit in a box there. But, when other things failed her, she would go out with her doll to sit and croon over it, in the few minutes when somebody was not calling upon her for work at home, or when she was not at school. She hid herself away there from the noisy boys of the house, who would tease her about her doll. It was a little place she could have to herself, after she had climbed out of the back window and shut it behind her.

This was the day of the great fight on the sheds above her. But Nora had not noticed that there was more noise than usual. It was sunny and bright on her little roof; only there was some snow left there, melting fast.

She had cleared it away at last, setting her doll up on a slanting roof that rose a little higher from another shed on one side. She went in to carry the old iron shovel back, and came out again, closing the window, lest some of the children should be coming home, and would climb out and hurt themselves; and she could have a few minutes in the sun, all alone with her doll.

But, lo! leaning up against the side, with its arms stretched before her, there

sat the loveliest doll she had ever seen in the largest shop-window! It had golden curls and blue eyes and red cheeks. She could not see half its beauties at first; but it seemed to her like something more than a doll, — like a beautiful fairy that had dropped from the sky.

She sat awhile in front of it, almost expecting it would float away as it had come. But no: there it sat, looking at her, and holding out its arms.

It was a real doll, with a silk dress, and a locket hanging from its neck; and it had on the sweetest little hat over its golden curls, and it stretched its arms out to her.

How could she help taking it in her hands? And it did not fly away! She could feel of the soft, smooth silk of its dress! What pleasure it was to hold her; to know that she was a real doll, to be lifted about! She looked again up into the blue sky, and did not wonder that such a beautiful creature was from there.

At this moment, her father's voice called her in. Carefully she wrapped up her shining treasure in her apron, and carefully lifted it in, determined to ask her father if dolls ever before had come down from the sky.

But she found him in a very great hurry. Her mother had gone away to work for the day, and Nora must bring him his dinner, — he was home only for a few minutes; and she must put away her dolls and her playthings.

There was not much of a place in the Rafferty household for putting away any thing, but Nora hastily tucked her treasure into a great chest, where her mother kept her few best things and some of the old treasures of the family; and she came out of her dream, and busied herself, as she had done many a day before, in preparing her father's dinner.

And then the younger children came thronging upstairs; and they had to be attended to, and afterwards to be put with a kind neighbor, while Nora went to school. Mike, her older brother, had not appeared at home, for he went off on errands for a gentleman between school-hours, getting his dinner where he could.

But at night Nora had a chance to tell her mother about the wonderful appearance of the doll. Mrs. Rafferty could not understand the story very well. She thought somebody had been playing a pretty trick upon Nora, by taking this way of giving her a doll, and putting it in the place of hers; for the strangest thing was that Nora's old doll had disappeared. Perhaps it was long Tom Jones who had changed the dolls, and had chosen this method of making amends for teasing her so.

But when Mrs. Rafferty came to see the doll, which Nora did not venture to show till the younger children were asleep in their beds, she shook her head, and told Nora that it was too fine a doll for Tom Jones to have bought. "It is some of the boys that have stolen it," said she, "and they are trying to put it upon you. But I will go round with it in the morning to some of the Adams Street houses to find the owner, or somebody'll be advertising it."

But the next morning Mrs. Rafferty was called early away to take care of a sick woman out of town; and Nora's father had a run of work that kept him out all day long; and Mike was at home only in the evenings, when he sat in a corner with a candle and his books. Nora was afraid to interrupt him. He could read every book, and knew a great deal; and she was having a hard time with her reading.

So she went on dreaming about the doll. She kept it wrapped up carefully in her apron, laid away in the old chest, for fear

the children should hurt it; for she wanted to be ready to return it, only taking it out now and then, when she was alone, to look at it, and pass her hands gently over its beautiful clothes.

She had heard the girls at school talk about an old man who had come into their houses at Christmas time, down the chimneys, and he had left behind dolls and sleds and playthings; and she made up her mind that there were some things he had forgotten to leave last Christmas, and that he had come back to scatter them round. She did not suppose he had meant to leave it for her, — so shining a doll! Perhaps he had spilled it out of his sack, when he was opening it for something else. Perhaps he was going round to pick up the stray dolls, and that was why he had taken hers; and the other had come out, when he put hers in. He would be likely to come back for it, when he found out his mistake; and she would keep it clean for him to give to the other girl.

So she let a great many days go by, every day feeling it would be harder and harder to give up the doll to the old man when he should come for it, till, one Saturday afternoon, Mike hurried into the room where she was cleaning up a little.

"Have you heard any of the girls, Nora," he asked, "talking of finding a doll in some of the yards?"

"A doll!" exclaimed Nora; "is it the old man wants it?"

"I don't know what old man you mean," answered Mike; "it is John Osborne asking about his sister's doll. But I am the last person to know about it; perhaps some of the other boys can tell."

He was turning away; but Nora had meantime gone to the old chest, and took out from it her treasure, and undid the apron in which it was hidden.

"Why, Nora!" Mike exclaimed, "do you mean that you have been keeping this doll all the time, and never told me about it? I had never expected that kind of thing. I was pretty mad with those boys when they questioned me about the doll; as though, because we were poorer than they, we were thieves, and had stolen some of their valuables. I told them that if it had been found anywhere here it would have been returned long ago. And, Nora, you have hidden it away all this time! Let me take it back, let me take it back! I'll put it into their house, and never speak to them again. I have got along so far without being friends with them, and I will listen to no more of their talk."

Nora could not understand her brother's words; but she folded the doll up again in her apron, — for she was afraid of her brother's rough hands, — and handed it to him, and he rushed out of the door.

Nora stood awhile as she heard his steps hurrying down the stairs; then she turned to the window, and looked out on her little bit of shed, and into the corner where the shining doll had appeared to her. So that was gone too, — gone like the geranium that faded away in the autumn frost, like the rabbit that pined in its box. She stood with tears in her eyes, only wishing that Mike had waited to understand how she never meant to keep the doll, and how she would like to send a message to the little girl that did own it, when she was roused by a noise of steps and rustling of dresses and of somebody coming up the stairs.

A lady and little girl had been visiting in the rooms below, and now came to the Raffertys' half-open door. When she saw a little girl standing by the window, the lady came up to her, and said: "We are looking for a little girl who lost a doll a week or two ago. Can you tell me of her?"

Milly came forward. She was holding the doll in her arms. She felt sure, as soon as she saw Nora, that she must be its owner. So she went up to her.

"I think you will know it as your doll by the plaid dress. Mamma cut it out of the bit of plaid that was pinned round her, and we have dressed it all up and have got it a new head. But if you like the old head better, here it is; only it must have got banged a good deal when it was flung over on the shed."

No, Nora felt it was her own old doll, only lovelier than ever it was, and the little girl with the golden hair and blue eyes put it into her arms. She could venture to hug it more than the shining doll that came out of the skies, — and, oh, such a beautiful dress and hat! — and the lady said she must keep it for her own.

Mrs. Osborne tried to explain how it all was, — that some of the boys near by had flung it over upon the Adams Street sheds.

"And Tom Hazard flung back mine," said Milly, looking out of the window; "and it went into that tall chimney out of that shed behind, and it fell into the Raffertys' soup, and was burnt up."

"Oh, no!" said Nora, waking up out of her dream, and taking Milly to the window, "because that is the Bradys' chimney; and I laid my doll upon the edge of the shed when I cleared off the snow, and when I came back from carrying the shovel, there was the doll in that sunny corner, sitting up with its arms towards me. And I thought it had come out of the sky, and at the last I kept it — oh, so carefully! — till the old Christmas man should come for it, with snow on his shoulders; but Mike said some boys were inquiring for it, and he took it away, and he was mad with me."

At this moment, the sound of many feet was heard upon the stairs. It was John, with Tom Hazard, bringing back Mike. John had tried to explain to him that Milly did not care any thing about her doll, but she wanted to return his sister's; and that every thing was their fault, and that they had been very clumsy in explaining.

Milly laughed merrily when she saw her own doll again. She wanted to put it into Nora's arms too. But Nora said it was quite too shining, and she never could have played with it like her own old doll. But she would think of it always; it would seem to her to have come out of the skies, and have gone away again like her geranium and her rabbit.

Milly asked about these; and, while Nora was telling her, Mrs. Osborne talked with the boys, and helped them out of their awkward explanations. She ended by asking Mike to come to Mr. Osborne's library, to borrow books, or to sit there and read in the evenings.

Milly then brought out the gilded trunk of doll's clothes, which she had almost forgotten to give, and Nora's cheeks flushed with delight at all it contained.

"It was some use, after all," said John, when they went away, "that we boys on both sides flung the dolls round so."

"It would not have helped much," said Mrs. Osborne, "if Milly had not been so thoughtful about the other girl's doll."

Milly kept her "shining" doll very carefully for Nora's sake. Sometimes her mother let her take it round to Nora's sunny bit of shed, where it was placed in the corner, just as it dropped down once upon a time; and, the next summer, Nora had some boxes there, and planted seeds in them, and before the summer was over

had some sweet-smelling mignonette and some pansies growing there.

Nora grew up to be a healthy, helpful girl. And when she remembered about the appearance of that shining doll, it seemed to her like the coming of the golden-haired Milly, when she came into her room the day she felt so unhappy at Mike's quick words.

And Milly grew up to be as thoughtful always of others as she had been when her heart led her to think of that other girl's loss. There are many Noras she has helped, now that she has grown old enough to know how; and, though she has often to feel sad for the sorrow there is in the world, her own sunlight comes in the pleasure of giving to others.

IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

It was a rainy day. The children could not go out of doors, and were uneasy and disappointed. Baby was cross and worrisome, and mamma almost worn out from over-exertion.

"What can be done?" queried James, a boy of eleven, as he looked over the disconsolate group. Then, whispering a few words to his mother, he called out, "Oh! come with me, Will, Susie, May, Bertie, and Sadie,—all come and see the prisoners set at liberty."

"What prisoners?" asked Will.

"Where are they?" asked Susie, as James marshalled them all into the large, old-fashioned kitchen.

"Sunbeams," answered James, with a mysterious nod, "in these chips and sticks. You'll see them soon."

"Oh, what a story!" said Will.

"Naughty boy," said Susie, "to tell stories!"

"'Aughty 'oy 'ories," echoed Bertie, who always tried to repeat whatever his eldest sister said.

"Don't be in a hurry," said James, good-naturedly, arranging his kindling. "They've been shut up this many a year. When this wood was growing, the sun used to send down his hot rays on the tree, and every little leaf would catch a few and hide them away. Aunt Hannah told me about it. Now I am going to set one little ray free. That will liberate another and another, till the wood is all ablaze with them. Just look now!"

So James kindled the fire, then filled the tea-kettle, put on the potatoes, and, more than all, so interested the children in watching the fire through the open grate that they quite forgot their disappointment; and, when their mother, now finely rested, came in, they ran eagerly to tell her about the sunbeams James had let out of prison.

A. A. B.

A NUT TO CRACK.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
The walls were thick, and the ceiling low,
And seldom out-doors did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book
Of any sort was she seen to look;
Yet she imagined she knew much more
Than man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things:
Of the dazzling splendor of Eastern kings;
Of mountains covered with ice and snow,
When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land;
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned;
Of buried treasures, — but, though she heard,
She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
At peace with herself, and quite content
With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,
Because so very little she knows;
For, keeping her doors and her windows shut,
She has shrivelled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no larger grow,
If you rest contented with what you know;
But a pitiful object you will dwell,
Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

Josephine Pollard, in February Wide Awake.

A BAKED BIBLE.

THERE is a Bible in Lucas County, Ohio, which at one time contained some very warm Scriptural texts. It belongs to a Mr. Scheboldt, a native of Bohemia. It was formerly the property of his grandmother, who was a very devout Protestant. During one of those unfortunate periods when religious persecutions were common in Austria, a law was passed at the instance of the Roman Catholics that every Bible in the hands of the people should be surrendered to the priests to be burned. Mrs. Scheboldt determined to save hers, and when the party came to search her house she had just prepared a huge batch of dough for the oven, and, taking her precious Bible, she wrapped the yielding dough around it, and quickly deposited it in the oven. Here it was thoroughly baked, but was saved, uninjured, from the fiery furnace of the priests. It has passed through several generations as a memorial of the days when men were not allowed to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences.

WILLIE NELSON.

ON the opposite page is a picture of little Willie Nelson. We want to tell you what makes him so bright and happy. Last night, he ate only bread and milk for his supper; then, after playing a little while with his kitten, he went to bed without saying a word against it. When his mother undressed him, and put him in his nice bed, he said his little prayer, which begins, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" after he had said this, his mother kissed him, and he kissed her. Soon he went to sleep. He has slept soundly all night. Now it is morning, and the sun is shining right in upon his bed. He has waked up as bright and happy as he can be. How pleased he is with the sunbeams! He is going to try to catch them in a moment, but he will find that, although they give light and heat, they cannot be caught. Soon he will get up and be washed and dressed. Then he will eat his breakfast, and go to play. He will be cheerful and happy all day.

We wish that you could see a picture of Willie's cousin Johnny. He is not so good a boy as Willie, nor so cheerful and happy. Last night, after supper was over, and all the folks had left the room, he went

back to the table, and ate a piece of plum-cake which his mother had told him that he must not have. When bed-time came, he did not want to go. When his mother told him that he must, he fretted and cried. After she had put him to bed, he lay awake and pouted a long time. He did not sleep well through the night, but had bad dreams. This morning he is cross and fretful. The sun's rays are streaming into his chamber; but he takes no notice of them. He is fretting because he does not want to get up. We are afraid that he will be unhappy all day. We wish that he would try to be as good a boy as his cousin Willie.

THE TWELVE GOOD RULES.

PROFANE no divine ordinance.
 Touch no state matters.
 Urge no healths.
 Pick no quarrels.
 Encourage no vice.
 Repeat no grievances.
 Reveal no secrets.
 Maintain no ill opinions.
 Make no comparisons.
 Keep no bad company.
 Make no long meals.
 Lay no wagers.

These came with the Puritans from England, and were the maxims of plain and simple wisdom; and in many a house hung on the wall. — *Harper's Magazine*.

CHOOSE such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.



MY ANT FAMILY.

INSTEAD of coal, I burn wood in my study. Well, one winter, many of the hard sticks of hickory wood had holes bored in them lengthwise, and hundreds of ants were packed away in these holes. Strange as it may seem, those creatures had bored the holes in the wood with their forceps. Some of these holes were two or three feet long. The ants were of the largest kind, as black as jet. Do you know that ants sleep all winter? It is a fact. Some time in the fall, these large black ants, having dug themselves a nice home for the winter in the hickory-tree, had gone into it, and had fallen into a state of stupor; from which they would probably not have been roused until some time during the following spring, if they had not come under my notice.

As the wood was sawed and split, great numbers of these ants were thus turned out of their home and scattered on the sidewalk. I gathered up a handful of them, and carried them into the house. I did not count them; but I presume there were upwards of fifty. I knew very well that, unless I shut the black creatures up, they would be running about my room, as soon as they began to get a little warm, so that they could have the use of their limbs. So I put them into a large, wide-mouthed glass bottle, so clear that I could easily see through it, and watch all their motions. It was about an hour, as near as I can recollect, before they waked up, and showed signs of life; and when they found themselves actually awake, they behaved something as I should suppose a cat would behave in a strange garret. What were their thoughts I cannot tell. But, if I may judge of what was passing in their minds by their actions, I should certainly conclude that they were puzzled by such thoughts as these: "What does all this mean? Am I alive or not? How came I here? Where am I? How did I get out of my snug home in the hickory-tree? Why did I wake so soon? Is it spring or not? Who knows? Why am I cooped up here? Why, I can't get out. I can see out plainly enough. But when I try to go out, that is quite another matter.

Well, well, if this don't beat all the mysteries that I ever heard of!"

I soon found that the cage into which I had put my ants was an uncomfortable one for them. When I closed the mouth of the bottle, as I was obliged to do, to keep them from escaping, they did not seem to like it at all. So I contrived another house for them. I got a large glass globe, such as is used to keep gold-fish in, and fitted up that for their home. The way I did was this: In the first place, I sprinkled some earth in the bottom of the globe. Then I emptied the ants out of the bottle into the large globe, and closed the mouth of the globe, so that they could not get out, but still so that they had a good supply of air inside. Next I filled the bottle quite full of moist earth, packed into it closely and firmly. This bottle, thus filled with earth, I placed inside the glass globe, and laid it down on its side. As I supposed, the little creatures, after getting together, and consulting about the matter, concluded to dig themselves a home in the bottle. I say they *consulted* together. You will laugh at that. But I tell you seriously that not only at this time, but often afterwards, I saw them together, when, from what they did immediately, I had no doubt but they had been conversing with each other, in their way. I found out that they expressed a great deal, from time to time, by the motions of those little horns, called antennæ, which they have, in common with all the ant race.

After the parley, they soon went to work in earnest, boring holes in the earth, inside of the bottle. You never saw more industrious creatures in your life than these fellows, while they were at work on their new house. They did not all work to be sure. There is a class in every ant family, which seldom or never do any work, unless there is war between two rival families, and then they fight very savagely. They are called *soldiers*. It is only the *workers* that are engaged in common, every-day business. The soldiers are larger than the workers, and more clumsily built. Their head, too, is larger in proportion to the rest of their bodies than is the case with the workers. You can generally tell a sol-

dier from those who do the work, if you take the trouble to examine them pretty carefully.

It took my ants about a day to fit up their new home to their mind. While the workers were digging, the rest of the family were huddled together, in a heap, outside. I noticed that the ants did not make their passages straight through the earth in the bottle. They dug them with a good many crooks in them, leading to different chambers. I had the globe placed on my table, so that I could watch all the motions of the ants. When they had completed their house, they let the rest of the family know that every thing was ready for them, and all prepared to go in and occupy their new home.

There is one member of the family which I have not yet spoken of, and I ought not to neglect her, for she is the most important personage in the whole family. I told you, a moment or two ago, that when the workers were busy making their house, the soldiers were piled up in a heap by themselves. When it was time for the whole family to move into the new house, I saw what these soldiers had been doing there, by themselves. They had been guarding the *queen*. I had not noticed her, until the soldiers one by one began to move toward the mouth of the bottle. They had actually covered her with their own bodies, to shield her from harm. The queen is much larger than the soldiers, — more than three times as large, I should think. You can't imagine what devotion all the ants showed to their queen. When she was ready to move, they would not let her walk, but insisted on carrying her to the new house. After the ants had got comfortably settled, they kept in the bottle the greater part of the day, though they would sometimes come out into the open court formed by the large globe, and at such times I frequently learned a great deal from them.

I must tell you of a cunning feat which the family performed one day while they were living with me; I poured some water into the mouth of the small bottle, as it was lying on its side. The bottom of the neck, as it lay, was covered to the depth, perhaps, of a quarter of an inch. "What

will they do now?" I thought to myself. The only way, of course, in which an ant could safely get out, while the water remained there, was to climb up to the ceiling overhead, and so go out upon the roof. That was the way they adopted. But they saw that getting out in and after that fashion was attended with a good deal of trouble; and they probably saw, too, that it was not altogether safe, as any of them might lose his hold, while he was crawling along the ceiling, and fall into the lake below. Well, what do you think they did to avoid the danger and the trouble? You can't guess; so I might as well tell you at once. After helping out of the water two or three young ants, who had fallen in, they set themselves to work to get rid of the lake altogether. Bridging it was out of the question. They were convinced of that, I suppose. At any rate, they did not attempt to throw a bridge over it. But they did attempt a far wiser course; and they succeeded. They held a council, and concluded to fill up the lake. This they actually did. A company of them, leaving the house in the manner I have mentioned before, came out into the open globe, and carried grains of earth and dropped them, one by one, into the lake, until it was quite filled up, so that they could easily walk into their dwelling on dry land.

Towards the close of summer, I allowed my ant family to leave their prison and choose a home for themselves in the garden. — *Wonderful Letter Bag.*

WATCH then the little beginnings. Guard your thoughts. If these are always pure, you will be saved from sinning. A little sermon was once preached in three lines, that is well worth remembering:—

"When alone, guard your thoughts;
When in company, your tongue;
When in your family, your temper."

THE elements of success are within a man, but the chances lie outside of him.

SET to work cheerily; disappointments should only make people braver.

A MONKEY'S INSTINCT.

Two brothers, Englishmen, were travelling on foot from Daudra Head, the southern part of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward.

They started on their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days; though, as the sun is so exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest during the heat of the day under the shade of the many broad-leaved palm-trees that grow by the roadside. They had travelled some distance when the younger stopped, and, gazing inquiringly around, said, "I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if some one was hurt. Let us look and see what it can be," he added, as a low moan now distinctly reached their ears. It proceeded from a group of cocoa-nut trees that grew on their right hand. The brothers sprang hastily but cautiously forward, looking carefully around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing, "Here it is, Arthur; come and see," — and, as his brother turned towards him, he pointed to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the branches of the fruit tree, had hurt himself very severely.

"Poor fellow!" said Arthur; and, taking him up, tore a strip from his handkerchief, and bound the wounded limb, and then turned to resume his journey with the monkey in his arms.

"You surely," said Robert, "do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your companion to Candy?"

"Do you think," said Arthur, "that I would leave this poor helpless animal to die of his wounds? No! he shall be my companion until he is cured, and then he may return as soon as he likes to his home in the forest."

The brothers travelled on, though the elder could not sometimes refrain from joking the other about his companion. They had journeyed on for two days, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive. The numerous springs which they had hitherto found by the roadside were dried up, and they began to suffer for lack of water. Their strength was failing, they felt they could proceed no further; and on the morning of the fourth day, when about thirty miles from Candy, both brothers sank down at the foot of a palm-tree exhausted and parched with thirst.

"Must we die here?" said Robert with a groan.

"Trust in God," replied Arthur, raising his eyes to heaven.

Suddenly the monkey, who was resting by his side, sprang up and ran eagerly along the road as if searching for something.

"How strangely he acts," said the young man. "What can he have found?" and summoning all his strength, he followed the animal.

When he reached the place, what met his delighted eyes? There, growing in abundance, was the silky, downy pitcher-plant, or monkey-cup, so called because it is sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst.

The flower is in the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one-and-a-half in diameter. It has a lid which opens and shuts with the changes of the weather, and is filled with pure water secreted by the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed; and, when they at last reached their home, they told their wondering friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives.

"Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all." —
Leisure Hours.

[From "A Rose in June," by Mrs. Oliphant.]

"MARTHA, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone!"

Her rector smiled, yet his tone was one of playful reproof. His was the superior position, with the soft air fanning him, and the shade refreshing him, and the beautiful landscape displaying itself for him, and all the flowers blooming, the leaves waving, the butterflies fluttering, the pretty daughter prattling, all for his pleasure. Master of the creation as he was, he was in a position to reprove any harsh and hasty intruder who brought into this Paradise a discordant note.

"I do not want to burden her youth," said Mrs. Damerel, with a resolute quiet in her voice, which her children knew the sound of, and which they all learned to recognize as the tone of suppressed irritation; "but I think it would do Rose no harm, Herbert, to make herself useful a little, and help me."

"Useful!" he said, with a half-pitying smile, "the other roses are still less useful. What would you have the child do? Let her get the good of this beautiful morning. Besides, she is useful to me."

"Ah," said Mrs. Damerel, faltering slightly, "if she is doing any thing for you, Herbert!"

"My dear," said the rector, with a gentle elevation of his eyebrows, "don't confound things which are different. Doing something is your sole idea of human use, I know. No, Rose is doing nothing, — it helps me to have her there. She is part of the landscape; suppose you sit down yourself, instead of fretting, and enjoy it."

"Enjoy it!" Mrs. Damerel echoed, with faint irony. She heard already the noise

of the school-room growing louder and louder, and Mary, the housemaid, stood at the door, looking out anxiously, shading her eyes from the sun, for the mistress. Some one was waiting, she knew, in the hall, to see her; pray Heaven, not some one with a bill! "I am afraid I must go back to my work," she said, "and I hope you will come to me, Rose, as soon as your papa can spare you. I have no more time now."

Rose stirred uneasily, half-rising, and with a prick of conscience, made a feeble attempt to detain her. "But mamma," — she began, as her mother moved away, crossing the broad sunshine of the lawn with hasty steps. Mrs. Damerel could not or would not hear, but went swiftly into the house, as they watched her, meeting Mary, who was coming with a message. Her light dress shone out for a moment in the fierce blaze of the sunshine, and then disappeared. When she was out of sight the rector said softly, changing his position with the leisureliness of extreme comfort, putting undermost the leg which had been uppermost, "What a pity that your mother does not see the beauty of repose more than she does! If I had not learnt long ago to take no notice, I don't know what I might have been worried into by now."

"Mamma never worries any one," said Rose, flushing at once with instantaneous opposition. The more she felt guilty towards her mother, the less she would hear a word to her discredit. She blazed up quite hot and fiery, with a loyalty which was a very good quality in its way, though not so good as helping in the school-room. The father put forth his fine ivory hand, and patted her pretty head.

"Quite right, dear, quite right," he said; "always stand up for your mother. And it is true, she never worries anybody;

but I wish she had more perception of the excellence of repose."

"Perhaps if she had, we should not be able to enjoy it so much," said the girl, still giving expression to a slight compunction.

THE SNOWDROPS.

AND how did the little snowdrop bulbs get on?

The earth was as dark as ever; no light penetrated underground. All was silent, save for the busy little workers.

"Little Drop," said Snowy one day, "are you not tired and weary?"

"Yes, very tired to-night, Snowy."

"Oh, how I wish we could get into the gardener's beautiful garden without all this troublesome part! If he is so great and good, why cannot he make us pure and white at once, instead of letting us be in all this darkness and discomfort?"

"I don't know, Snowy; and yet I have a fancy about it."

"What is it?"

"Why, I fancy he would not have so much pleasure in us, if he just made us as we are to be. You see he puts us here, and now he is letting us have a share in his work; and it comforts me to think that he loves his flowers enough to let them have a part of his own joy, and work with him to make his garden beautiful. Beside that, Snowy, we are so dark and small, so foolish and ignorant, that, it may be, it is we who will not let him make us beautiful at once. If all were well, perhaps, we should not care to think of him or his garden, and then how much we should miss!"

"But do all plants and flowers have to be put down into the ground like this?"

"I don't know, Snowy; but I am sure

all must have something to bear. Think of the great trees who always stand up against the wind and rain, and the blossoms that have to fall off before the fruit comes; but you see it is all for some use, all for some good. We do not know about the others, but for ourselves we know this dark earth is the way that will bring us to light and beauty. The gardener put us in, and the reason he put us in was not for us to lose ourselves, but to grow fit for his garden. It is nice to think of."

"Very nice," answered Snowy, softly.

"I wonder why he loved us?"

"I suppose because we are his," said Little Drop.

"But we were very brown and ugly when he picked us up from the ground: there was nothing to make him love us."

"No, indeed: I wonder why it was?"

"It must be because he is so good and kind," said Snowy.

"And then he knew how white and beautiful we could become, and so he would not let us miss it, even though it is through such a dark, comfortless path."

"Do you know, Little Drop, sometimes I can't help wondering if we ever shall get to the garden; the earth is so strong. Suppose the gardener put us in too deep?"

"But he could not; he would not do that. Though it is so dark to us, it belongs to him, and he must know better than we can how much we want. But, like you, Snowy, I do long to get to the garden."

"And see the gardener?"

"Yes, and see the gardener. I wonder, when he comes and looks at his flowers, if he will know that we are the very same two bulbs he planted?" said Little Drop.

"I think he will," answered Snowy; "for he not only held us in his hand, but he saw just where he put us; and so, I think, we must be quite safe and right." — *Children's Friend.*

A DISCRIMINATING CAT.

I HAVE a cat of half-Persian breed ; she is about eight years old, and has always been remarkable for her aversion to strangers, more especially to children. If children have at any time come into the house where she was, she has invariably decamped and secreted herself. She never could bear to be handled or pulled about (which so many cats seem to enjoy) by any one but by her master.

During the present year this cat has remained in Scotland ; a few weeks ago my little boy went to reside in the house where the cat is at present. This boy is just at that age when children delight in pulling about every thing they can get hold of ; naturally, a cat was a perfect godsend to him. After a few days the cat was seen to smell the child repeatedly ; she seemed to be satisfied of his relationship, and since that time she follows him about the house (a thing which she never did to any one but her master), rubs herself against him, and allows him to pull her tail and ears and draw her about by the legs. — *M. M. P. Muir, in Nature.*

A SAGACIOUS HEN.

A HEN had been placed with some ducklings which she had hatched, in a field surrounded by a low stone wall. I saw her take each of the ducklings in succession under her chin, and, bending her head, carry them over the wall into the adjoining field. A lady writes thus to the editor of "The Animal World."

NEVER spend your money before you have it. This will save you from many difficulties, and some temptations.

BOOK NOTICES.

HOURS OF THOUGHT ON SACRED THINGS.

By James Martineau, LL.D., D.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876. pp. 344. Price \$1.50.

Thirty years have passed since Mr. Martineau's "Endeavors after the Christian Life" was first published in this country. Several volumes of his writings have since appeared, and each has been warmly welcomed by religious thinkers. This last volume consists of twenty-five sermons filled with his maturest thoughts. We do not see that it is a whit less fresh, beautiful, or profound than his previous works, and heartily commend it to all thoughtful readers as richly worth their perusal.

MAGAZINES.

SAINT NICHOLAS is about as good as a juvenile magazine can be. It is always bright, witty, and instructive. It is called "Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys;" but there are thousands of persons who have grown into manhood and womanhood who would do well to read it every month. The articles on the stars by Richard A. Proctor are good lessons in astronomy for any one, old or young, not already familiar with that science. We are particularly pleased with "Saint Nicholas" on account of the high moral tone that pervades it. Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at three dollars a year.

THE WIDE AWAKE for February is as wide awake as ever, and just the thing to amuse and instruct the children. We half suspect that this little magazine is called the "Wide Awake" because it keeps so many young folks wide awake reading it when they ought to be abed and asleep. Among other good things in the February

number is an illustrated article on the Dolls' Fair, of which we spoke in the January number of the "Dayspring." Those who lost the chance of going to that fair have now a chance to see exactly how it looked, and how the dolls that took the prizes looked. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, at two dollars a year.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH for January is laden with choice matter. We know of no magazine better worth having in the home than this. We count in it no less than seventeen departments, — such as the "Mirror of Fashion," "The Poets' Portfolio," "The Receipt Book," "The Sabbath Bell," and "The Land of Laughter," — and every one of them is first-rate. Longfellow says, "I have formed a most favorable opinion of the merits of 'The Cottage Hearth;'" and we are confident that millions in our land would be found to agree with him if they would give one or two numbers an examination. It is published by D. L. Milliken, 101 Milk Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A distinguished statesman.

A distinguished soldier.

1. A vessel with two masts.
2. One of the three Graces.
3. A cruel tyrant.
4. A doorkeeper.
5. A king mentioned in the Bible.
6. The Goddess of Memory.
7. An instrument used for cutting ice.
8. A girl's name.
9. A mythical king.
10. A gleaner.
11. A ruined city mentioned in the Bible.
12. A famous naval officer.
13. A ruler.
14. A season of fasting.
15. A Territory belonging to the United States.
16. An English philosopher.

ENIGMA.

In my whole, an animal you see:
Behead, and it a grain will be;
Instead, curtail, 'tis a city now, —
Far off, indeed, we must allow.

My head, cut off, commands, I think;
My tail, cut off, is a pleasant drink;
Now what remains in halves divide,
And lo! a word on either side.

We define with one, with one exclaim,
And thus four words my whole doth claim;
Unite in two, the one expresses
Motion, and one a connective is.

Transpose the first, you name a king;
Transpose the second, a river you bring;
Transpose my whole, you make a dress,
And its name I know you'll readily guess.

FLORENTINE.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. L a W
2. O b I
3. U ra L
4. I do L
5. S hangha I
6. A zale A
7. M useu M
8. A ugus T
9. L aur A
10. C o D
11. O per A
12. T elegra M
13. T uni S

THE DAYSPRING,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(George F. Piper, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.